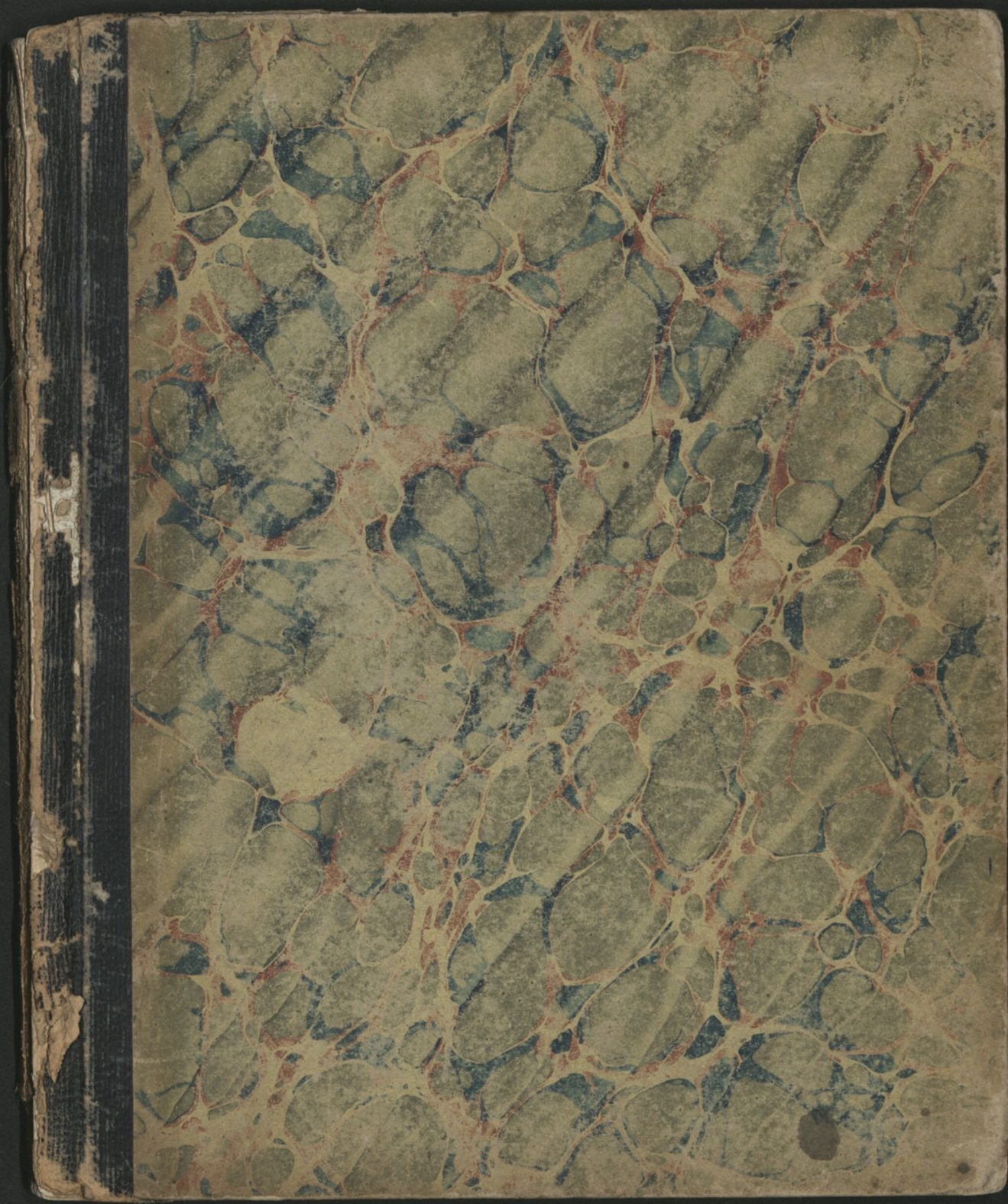


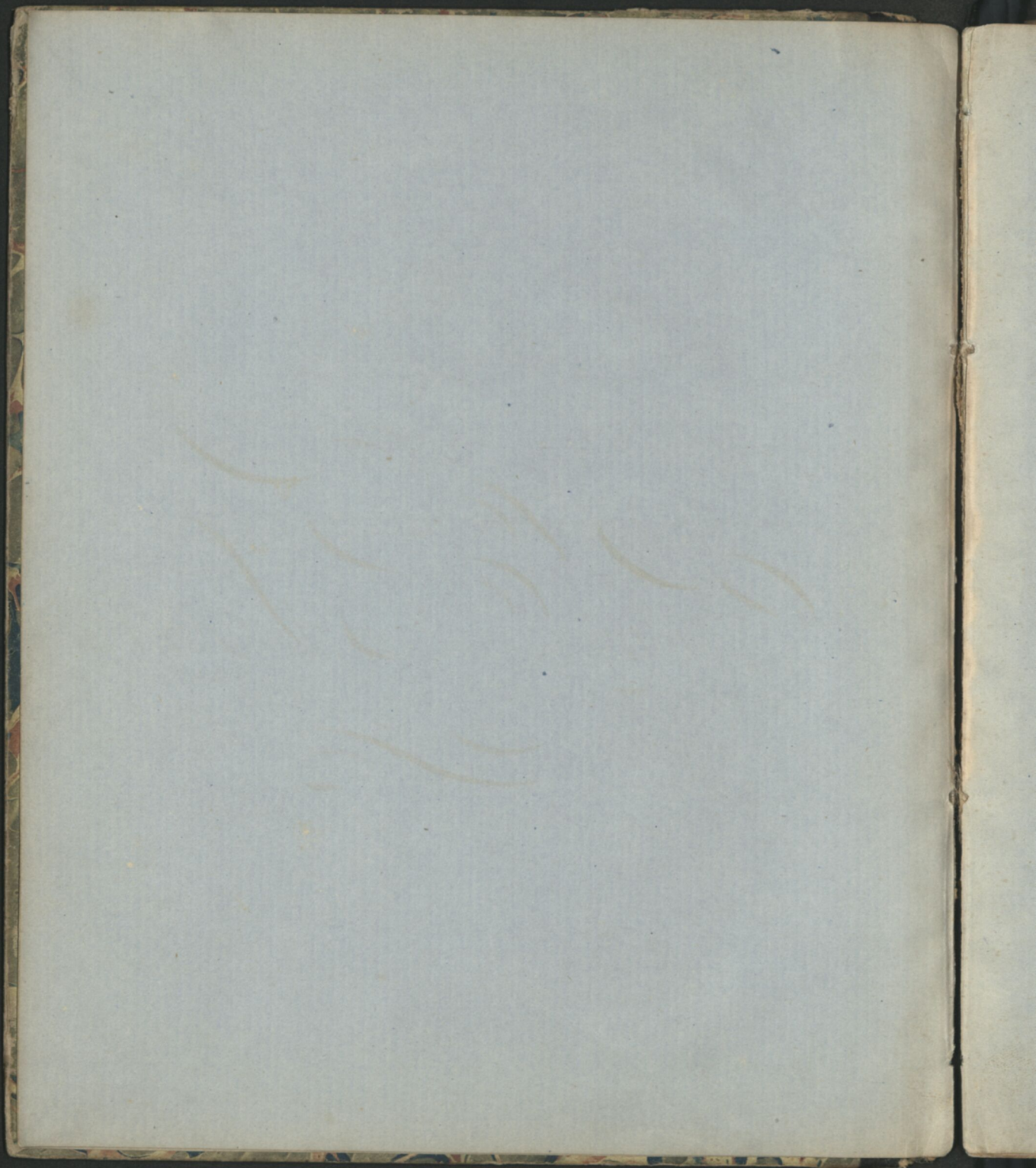


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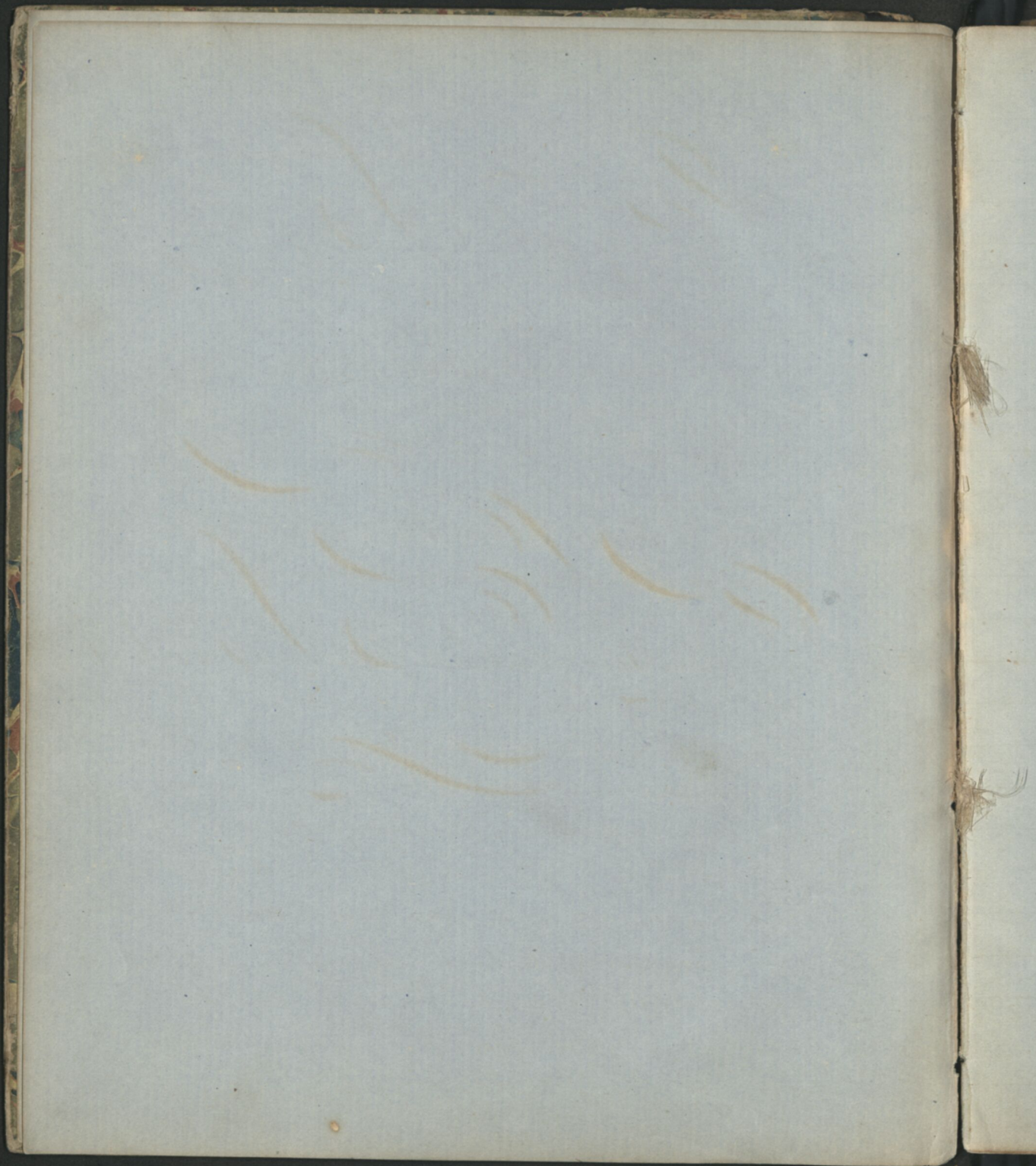
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Charles H. Robertson

B. Eakin
written.



The Boy and his Angel.

"Oh, mother, I've been with an angel to day!
I was out alone in the forest at play,
Chasing after the butterflies, watching the bees,
And hearing the woodpecker tapping the trees:
So I played and I played till so weary I grew,
I sat down to rest in the shade of a yew,
While the birds sang so sweetly up on its top,
I held my breath, mother for fear they would stop!
Thus a long while I sat looking up to the sky,
And watching the clouds that went hurrying by,
When I heard a voice calling just over my head,
That sounded as if "come, oh brother!" it said;
And then right over the top of the tree,
Oh! mother, an angel was beckoning to me!
And "brother" once more "come oh! brother" he cried,
And flew on light pinions close down by my side!
And mother, never was being so bright,
As the one which beamed on my wondering sight!
His face was as fair as the delicate shell,
His hair down his shoulders in fair ringlets fell,

With eyes resting on me so melting with love,
 Were as soft and as mild as the eyes of a dove!
 And somehow dear mother I felt not afraid,
 As his hand on my brow he caressingly laid,
 And whispered so softly and gently to me,
 "Come brother, the angels are waiting for thee".
 And then on my forehead he tenderly pressed
 Such kisses!—Oh mother, they thrilled through my breast,
 As swiftly as lightning leaps down from on high
 When the chariot of God rolls along the black sky!
 While his breath floating round me was soft as the breeze
 That played in my tresses and rustled the trees;
 At last on my head a deep blessing he poured,
 Then plumed his bright pinions and upward he soared
 And up, up, he went through the blue sky so far,
 He seemed to float there like a glittering star;
 Yet still my eye followed his radiant flight
 Till lost in the azure, he passed from my sight!
 Then, oh, how I feared as I caught the last gleam,
 Of his vanishing form it was only a dream!
 When soft voices whispered once more from the tree
 "Come brother the angels are waiting for thee!"
 —Oh pale grew that mother and heavy her heart,
 For she knew her fair boy from this world must depart;
 That his bright locks must fade in the dust of the tomb

Ere the autumn winds withered the summers rich bloom
 Oh how his young footsteps she watched day by day,
 As his delicate form wasted slowly away.
 Till the soft light of Heaven seemed shed on his face
 And he crept up to die in her loving embrace.
 "Oh clasp me dear mother close close to your breast
 On that gentle pillow again let me rest,
 Let me once more gaze up to that dear loving eye,
 And then Oh! methinks I could willingly die:
 Now kiss me dear mother, Oh quickly; for see
 The bright blessed Angels are waiting for me"
 Oh wild was the anguish that swept through her ^{breast,}
 As the long frantic kiss on his cold lips she pressed,
 And felt the vain search of his soft pleading eye,
 As it strove to meet hers ere the fair boy could die.
 "I see you not mother, for darkness and night
 Are hiding your fair loving face from my sight,
 But I hear your low sobs; dear mother good-bye,
 The angels are ready to bear me on high.
 I will wait for you Mother but Oh tarry not long,
 Lest grief for your absence should sadden my song."
 He ceased, and his hands meekly clasped on his ^{breast}
 While his sweet face sunk down on its pillow to rest,
 Then closing his eyes now all rayless and dim
 Went up with the angels that waited for him.

Love in a Cottage. (X)

They may talk of love in a cottage,
 And bowers of trellised vine—
 Of nature bewitchingly simple
 And milkmaids half-divine;
 They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping
^{Neatly} In the shade of a spreading tree,
 And a walk in the fields at morning
 By the side of a footstep free!

But give me a sly flirtation,
 By the light of a chandelier—
 With music to play in the pauses,
 And nobody very near;
 Or a seat on a silken sofa,
 With a glass of pure old wine;
 And mamma too blind to discover
 The small white hand in mine!

Your love in a cottage is hungry,
 Your vine is a nest for flies—
 Your milkmaid shocks the graces
 And simplicity talks of Pies!
 You lie down to your shady slumber
 And wake with a bug in your ears

And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.

^{as} True love is at home on a carpet
And mightily likes his ease—
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot is an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipped with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.
N. P. Willis

Beauty.

What is the blooming tincture of the skin
Or peace of mind and harmony within?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye
Or the soft soothing of a calm reply?
Can comeliness of form or shape or air
With comeliness of words or deeds compare?
No! those at first the unwary heart may gain
But these, these only can the heart retain.

Gay

The Pilgrims of Pennsylvania
 'Twas beneath the broad Elm that once towered by yon flood,
 They erst met their wild warfare to wage,
 Where the conquest was gained without battle or blood,
 And the Savage bowed down to the Sage.

The time is long past and the cabin and cave,
 Where our forefathers dwelt are no more,
 And gardens and palaces margin the wave,
 That loved but a desert before.

But ne'er shall their memory be lost in the land,
 That their toil for their children bequeathed,
 And oft shall each name of the patriots band,
 In prayer and in blessing be breathed.

And still shall be sacred the spot when it stood.
 The Elm in its time honored age,
 Where Penn won the land without battle or blood,
 And the Savage bowed down to the Sage.

Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,
 They neither know to spin, nor care to toil,
 Yet with confes'd magnificence deride
 Our mean attire, and impotence of pride. Prior.

7

Letter from a Cherokee Child
To the children of the
Letter from a Cherokee Child to the United States
Children of the United States.

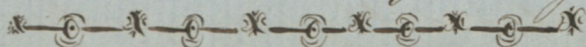
We had a teacher, and his voice was kind
To us poor Indians. Though his brow was white
He did not scorn us. When he spoke of Him
Who took young children in his arms and died
Upon the cross for sinners such a light would
Kindle in his eye and he would strive
So for our souls salvation that we blessed
His holy tenderness. But he is gone
They took him from us. Men who would not heed
Our misery did hang a heavy chain
About his neck and o'er the rocky road
And through the storm and darkness led him on
To lock him in a prison. Side by side
With the bloodshedder and the thief he toils
Clad in coarse garments & with no fond smile
Of wife or babe to cheer him. Months have fled
And they release him not. Yet hath he done
No harm except to teach the Cherokees
Their Bible duty and the hope of Heaven
That glorious home from whence no foe can drive.

Each night I weep and ask the white mans God
 To give us back our teacher. Pray for us
 White children! happy children! you who know
 Far more than we: Oh when you kneeling ask
 Pity for those who mourn—beg God to bring
 Our blessed teacher from his prison house
 That we may listen to his words again
 L.H.L.

The following verses were written on the door of the Theatre
 at Whitby by Hugh Watson after a meeting held there
 by D. Darby.

If Reader you have time to spare,
 Turn o'er St. Matthew's leaves,
 You'll find that once a house of prayer,
 Became a den of thieves!

But now the scene is altered quite,
 Oh reformation rare!
 This modern den of thieves to night,
 Became a house of prayer!



The Sisters Grave



I had a little sister once,
 And she was wondrous fair,
 Like twined links of the yellow gold,
 Was the waving of her hair.
 Her face was like a day in June,
 When all beside is still,
 And the shadows of the summer's cloud
 Creeps softly up the hill.
 Oh my sisters voice - I hear it yet,
 It comes upon mine ear,
 Like the singing of the joyous birds,
 When summer months are near.
 Sometimes the notes would rise at eve,
 So fairy like and wild,
 My Mother thought a Spirit sang,
 And not the gentle child.
 But then we heard her little feet
 Come dancing to the door,
 And met the gaze of brighter eyes
 Than ever spirit wore.

And she would enter full of glee,
 Her long bright tresses bound,
 With a garland of the mountain oak,
 By a summer streamlets found.
 She never wore the gardens pride,
 The red rose on her breast,
 Our own sweet wild flower ever loved,
 The other wild flowers best.
 Like them she seemed to cause no toil,
 To give no pain nor care,
 But to bud and bloom in a lonely spot,
 In the mild & genial air.
 And Oh! like them as they come in the Spring,
 And in Summer months decay,
 She passed in her early bloom of youth,
 From life's rough paths away.
 And when she died:neath an old oak tree,
 Her sisters grave was made,
 For when on earth she used to love,
 Its dark and pensive shade.
 And every year in that old oak tree,
 The song birds built their nests,
 And wild flowers bloom on the soft green turf,
 Where my dear dead sister rests.

And the children of the village say,
 That on my sisters tomb,
 The wild flowers are the last to fade,
 And the first that ever bloom.
 We miss her in the hour of joy,
 For when all hearts were light,
 There was no step so free as hers,
 No smile so glad and bright.
 We miss her in the hour of woe,
 For then she strove to cheer,
 And the soothing words of the pious child,
 Could dry a mourners tear.
 E'en when she erred we could not chide,
 For though the fault was small,
 She always mourned so much & craved
 For pardon from us all.
 She was too pure for earthly love,
 Strength to our hearts was given,
 And we gilded her in childhoods light,
 To a brighter home in Heaven.

Pride like the Eagle builds among the clouds,
 But pleasure lark like nests upon the ground.

"Excelsior!" By Professor Strongfellow.

The shades of night were falling fast,
 When through our quiet city passed
 A lass, whose summer costume nice
 Reminds me of the quaint device,

"Excelsior".

Her brow was glad, her skirts beneath
 Uncoiled by mud, hung scant and brief;
 And with a joyful murmur ring
 The accents of her silver tongue,

"Excelsior".

"Try not the dress!" the old folks said,
 "The rabble's scornful shout we dread,
 'The gutters filth we can't abide';
 But firm the silver voice replied,

"Excelsior".

"Oh stop!" the dry goods merchant said,
 "You'll save your dress and spoil our trade!"
 A smile lurked in her bright blue eyes,
 But still came back the firm reply,

"Excelsior".

Thus in the twilight cold and gray,
 Pretty and neat she went her way;
 And to the sky, serene and fair,
 A gladsome shout did rend the air,

"Excelsior".

A Parody on the Irish Emigrant's Lament.

I'm sitting at the desk Ellie,
 Where we sat side by side,
 In the merry hours of childhood,
 When first to learn we tried,
 Our hearts were light as air Ellie,
 Our merry laugh rang loud,
 We had but little care Ellie,
 Life passed without a cloud.

The place is somewhat changed Ellie,
 Yet still the busy sound,
 Of children conning o'er their task,
 And writing goeth round.
 The old school room illumined Ellie,
 With the morning's joyous rays,
 Appears as cheerful now Ellie,
 As in our youthful days.

But the faces all are changed Ellie
 Old teachers are not there

Our schoolmates all are gone Ellie,
 They're scattered every where,
 Some are beneath the sod Ellie,
 Some in the distant west,
 And some across the sea Ellie,
 With the friends they loved the best.

The old school books are changed Ellie,
 The very maps are glad,
 And the old school bell that summoned us;
 There's a new one in its stead,
 The style of writing's changed Ellie,
 I hardly can tell how,
 But instead of being rounding,
 They point the letters now.

We are getting old now Ellie,
 But happy lives we've spent,
 We've always lived in friendship,
 Ever since to school we went;
 We've had our share of trials Ellie,
 For from them none are free,
 But we have borne them cheerfully,
 For we knew that they must be.

Oceans may roll between Ellie
 For I perhaps may dwell
 In lands that distant lie Ellie,
 Time's changes none can tell;
 I may be far away Ellie
 But still I'll ne'er forget,
 The old school house, for 'tis Ellie,
 The place where first we met.

I'm talking over long Ellie,
 But by gone scenes come back,
 A tide of sunny thoughts Ellie,
 Of childhood's early track,
 Of that old school house dear Ellie,
 Youth's hours that quickly glide,
 And of that old school desk Ellie,
 Where we sat side by side.

Go, clothe thyself with purple and fine lincens,
 trick thyself up in all the gay attire which the shuttle
 or the needle can furnish; yet know to the mortification
 of thy vanity, that the native elegance of a common daisy
 eclipses all this elaborate finery.

Taken from "Reflections on a flower garden".

By James Hervey

Let us Love one Another.

Let us love one another,
 Not long may we stay
 In this bleak world of mourning—
 Some droop while tis day,
 Others fade in the noon,
 And few linger till eve,
 Oh! there breaks not a heart
 But leaves some one to grieve.

The fondest, the purest the truest that met,
 Have still found the need to forgive & forget—
 Then oh! shun the hopes that we cherish decay,
 Let us love one another as long as we stay.

Then let's love one another,
 Mid sorrow the worst
 Unaltered & fond
 As we loved at the first;
 Though the false wing of pleasure
 May change and forsake,
 And the bright sun of wealth
 Into particles break

There are some sweet affections ^{cannot buy} which wealth
 That cling but still closer when sorrow draws nigh,
 And remain with us yet though all else ^{pass away}
 Then let's love one another as long as we stay.

The Sailor's
DREAM.

The last beam of day the chased sea was deriding,
The gale half its thunder at evening suppressed,
And nought woke around save the tremulous chiding,
Of winds and of waters that mingled to rest.

The deep spread afar nought but skies to enfold it,
Where shone our good ship to her canvass resigned,
A flower on the desert with none to behold it,
The pride of the waste and the sport of the wind.

The west beamed with gold and I lingered admiring
Till night's vestal queen dipped her horns in the glow
When we piped the first watch & all hands were ^{tiring} red
The starboard on deck & the larboard below.

I was in the midwatch so wearied reposing,
I wandered in thought to the valleys again,
Above me the shadows of midnight were closing,
Around me the lullaby hum of the main.

Again I beheld the white thorn and the holly,
 Uniting their sweets at my dear native door,
 Whence blooming Content chased away Melancholly,
 And Mirth clad in mused a smile ever rose.

I knew by their names every one who addressed me,
 And easily traced every countenance near,
 The mother who fondled, the father who blessed me,
 The aged, the young, and the bosom friend dear.

I stoped at the fount which my childhood had cherished
 I heard the woodrobin still whistle his tune,
 And where the wild roses in autumn had perished,
 I kissed my first love by the light of the moon.

But false as the wave, Oh! how short was our greeting
 How ~~fast~~ fast flew the moments to memory so dear,
 The hour passed by, that sweet hour of meeting,
 And I woke from my dream with a sigh & a tear.

"Look not mournfully into the Past it comes not
 again; wisely improve the Present - it is thine;
 and go forth to meet the shadowy future
 without fear and with a trusting heart"

The Five Old Maids.

One cold, dark, cheerless wintry night,
 Gathered around a fire so bright,
 Five maidens old— we would divine,
 The youngest then was thirty nine,
 The eldest Maid and most sedate,
 Had numbered all of forty eight;
 Each maid her knitting had in hand,
 Each maiden's face was bright & bland,
 Right busily their fingers flew,
 Right merrily their tongues ran too.
 At length one drop'd her worsted ball.
 And rose to catch it maidens all;
 But luckless thing it reached the fire—
 Its owner then with mimic ire,
 Caught up her ball, and tartly said
 "The sparks had sear'd her worsted thread;
 That's 'sparks had ere her horror been,
 Were they of fire or were they men"
 Then open'd the maidens wide their eyes,
 And raised their hands in much surprise,

For they had often heard it said,
 The maid had once engaged to wed,
 And why a maiden she should be,
 To them was still a mystery.
 Then spake the eldest maid & said,
 "Pray tell me why you ne'er have wed,
 Sparks seem to love your wrosted ball,
 Have sparks ne'er gained your heart at all."
 The maiden turned her head away,
 And for a moment nought did say.
 At length "it is not fair" said she,
 "For you to ask my history."
 "Unless you all will frankly tell,
 Why you like me unmarried dwell,
 Will you all say why you're single still,
 Then answered they "we will, we will!"
 "We will all tell our history,
 And bind ourselves to secrecy."
 Now closer to the fire they drew,
 And stirred the blazing brand anew,
 And then between them 'twas agreed,
 The eldest should the rest proceed.
 A few slight coughs and then began,
 The maidens tale and thus it ran.

"While yet in early womanhood,
 One sought my love to gain,
 Who was the noblest of his sex,
 Nor did he ask in vain.

I loved him most devotedly,
 He was my life, my pride,
 For him I could have laughed at want,
 For him I could have died.

He ever was most eloquent,
 When speaking of the home,
 The peace, the real happiness,
 That soon should be our own.

I listened and our sky seemed bright,
 As summer's sky at noon,
 But sable clouds soon intervened,
 My bright sun set in gloom.

For fell disease had laid his hand,
 On him I held so dear,
 And ere a month had passed away,
 They laid him on his bier,
 I watched him till his spirit fled,
 Its tenement of clay,
 I cared not for the sneering lips,
 Or what the world might say.

Since then my hand hath oft been sought,
 But I have answered No!
 I deemed it sin to yield a hand,
 Whose heart could never go."

Each maid wiped something from her eye,
 Each maid breathed something like a sigh,
 And then another maid began,
 Her narrative and thus it ran.

"Man is deceitful,
 And love can decar,
 This I have proved,
 In life's early day.
 Never a maiden,
 More trusting than I,
 Ere false ^{hood} of man,
 Had taught me to sigh.
 One vowed that he loved,
 I listened, believed,
 He seemed most sincere,
 And I was deceived.
 He asked for my heart,
 Which he has abused,
 He sued for my hand,
 It was not refused."

Our wedding eve came,
 Friends crowded each room,
 The bride was all ready,
 But missing the groom.
 They searched but in vain,
~~Friends soon departed~~
 Gave up in despair,
 Guests soon departed,
 With a wondering stare.
 My heart beat violently,
 I felt — almost knew
 That trouble detained,
 He surely was true.
 Came then a message,
 Which told me that he
 Had married another,
 And that I was free.
 Then I despised him,
 My soul rose above,
 Such weakness as tears,
 Such folly as love.
 Since then I have yielded,
 No faith unto man,
 Have hated the sex,
 And blame who can."

The maiden paused, none wondered now,
 That name of "sparkes" should cloud her brow;
 And then a voice sweet soft and low
 Related what we write below.

"Ere yet ~~my~~ ^{my} childhoods early days,
 Those careless days of mirth now gone,
 I saw that man when dealing with our sex,
 Oft sought but to deceive, to wrong.
 I saw that many ^{who} honest seemed,

In all their intercourse with men,
 Blushed not to play the hypocrite,
 With us, to seek our love, and then
 Boast of their triumph over heart,
 Boast of the falsehood they have used,
 To win without quite asking for the hand
 Which they say would not be refused.

I had a sister once, poor thing,
 She ~~was~~ gave her hand without a sigh,
 So one all deemed most excellent; but soon
 Heart broken she came home to die.
 She told me ~~My~~ ^{My} man seldom proved,
 All that he had appeared to be,
 She said that woman if she wed at all,
 Had care, and little liberty,

And as I had enough of wealth,
 To banish want while life should last,
 I said I would not yield to man the heart,
 Or hands which he might scorn at last.
 Many have urged me to believe,
 That all were not alike, and said
 That they at least were most sincere, & true
 As they would prove if I would wed.
 But I had no desire to risk,
 My little history below,
 Therefore to all who sought my hand I said
 Kindly but with firmness, No!
 So ladies I am single still,
 Nor am I in the least afraid,
 To say that I am happier far than ^{most}
 Who shudder at the name Old Maid.
 None ventured to gainsay a word,
 And so another voice was heard,
 "A beauty and a village pet,
 I said I will not marry yet,
 But will a little while coquet;
 And so,
 I flattered with each beau awhile,
 On one would frown, on one would smile,

But sought to hold in thrall the while,
Each beau.

A beauty and a village belle,
I thought should surely marry well,
And which to take I could not tell;

And so,
So better offers soon might come,
I thought I would not change my home,
And would give answer unto none;

But no,
Years swiftly fled, and beauty too,
My cheeks soon lost their roseate hues
And lovers they were very few.

And so,
Extremely plain & poor, that I
So many would not even try,
And now an old maid I shall die
Heigh oh!"

The listeners smiled, and now began,
The youngest of that maiden band;
"Well ladies, as I live, I never had
An offer in my life.

Nay do not stare, each word I speak is truth,
Am I to blame then that I am not a wife,

My earlier days were passed on bed of pain,
 And when my sickness fled,
 It left me almost crippled, and none wished
 To ask a stricken one like me to wed.

One there was who seemed to love me well,
 But only as a brother.

For me he gathered flowers, & read long tales,
 He's married now, I never loved another.

And ladies & your histories have heard,
 And think they plainly show,
 You know no more of happiness than I
 Who never had a beau.

The maidens ceased. Now all agreed
 That they from many cares were freed,
 And were contented with their lot;
 Should any say that they were not,
 Such slanderous words should be resented,
 For surely they were ^{well} contented.
 And reader from our tale you see,
 But few are from necessity,
 Obligated to lead a single life,
 And we think that many a wife,
 To speak our minds were not afraid,
 Had better for be an Old Maid!

Westtown Berrie—

It was a keen cold winters morn,
 That I wrapt up all in a and warm,
 Left Westtown school that spot so dear,
 Where I had spent a happy year.
 The driver cracked his whip and the sleigh
 Skimmed the smooth snow—away!—away!
 Far o'er the hills with merry sound,
 Of jingling bells, the woods resound,
 And to each cottage window bring,
 A group of urchins wondering?
 Or from the door came pouring out,
 And greet us with a merry shout.
 We glide along, my heart beats high
 My own sweet home will soon be nigh.
 Ere sinks the sun low in the west,
 I shall be there in peaceful rest,
 Beneath my fathers roof to night,
 No wonder that my heart is light.
 Ah! here we are, that glassy rill,
 That high romantic, rocky hill,
 Where I have wandered many a time,
 With those I love in old "Auld lang syne."
 And yonder rides into view,
 The county kirk and court house too,

All covered o'er with robes of white,
 And glittering in the sunshine bright.
 And next we pass that silent spot,
 Where sleep by friends and foes forgot
 Those who were once as gay and free,
 So happy and as fleet as we.

Yes! there they lie - the tempest raves
 Around their low neglected graves,
 And cold and damp the earth is prest
 Upon the senseless quiet breast:
 We pass them in their solitude,
 And the careless multitude.

Ah! now we're in the very street,
 Soon those beloved ones I'll greet,
 The house appears, 'twere dim my eyes
 I sob aloud - I know not why.
 My father with affection prest
 His to his proud and manly breast,
 My mother in her gentle tone
 Bade me a joyful welcome home;
 And with a mother's care enquired
 "If I were cold?" by rousing fires
 Stirred up the fire and hastened tea,
 And then sat down to chat with me.
 Full many a tale had I to tell

Of good and all that me befel,
 Since last I bid my home farewell.
 The cloth now laid, and Polly makes
 The tea the smothering buckwheat cakes,
 All nicely buttered honey pure,
 'W'd tempt the daintiest epicure.
 Around the social board again
 We gathered all, — but little then
 Poor I, so soon must end my joy.
 And my fair castle all destroy!
 Hark! that dread sound so loud & shrill
 It louder comes and louder still, —
 I start and gaze and rub my eyes,
 How soon the blissful vision flies,
 The West Town bell my slumbers break
 Too soon alas! I'm wide awake!
 I'm wred forth all snug and tight
 I've slumbering been the livelong night
 Oh! many a weary day will be
 Till all is sweet reality.

By P. Sinton.

A Westtown Scholar.

Our Nursery

Our Nursery.

I wish you could visit our snug little room,
 In which there is nothing of sadness or gloom
 For "dear little baby" is furnished with care
 And all that she owns or delights in is there.
 The paper's the prettiest ever was seen,
 A brown and a blue stripe with roses between
 And our child's dimpled finger your notice will call
 To the neatly framed pictures that hang on the wall
 Come! peep in the closet where each in its fold
 The whole of her winter wardrobe behold!
 Here are thick shoes and leggins, Jack Frost to defy,
 A hood for wet weather, a plumed hat for dry
 A neckerchief broidered & braided with care,
 A snug little coat for our darling to wear
 Bring it out! see her eyes dance with joy at ^{the sight}
 And before tis half on she is wild with delight,
 Like a bird to the sunshine & air she would fly
 Her plump hand she kisses and waves a "good-bye"
 On the mantel are vases, with flowers so gay,
 And lamp-lighters stand in the trimmest array

Beneath like a band box sprung up to some height,
 Is a stone that economists term the air tight,
 If the air is kept out the conclusion has been,
 That the wood like ourselves, must be oft taken in
 We've a cradle that many have used in its day,
 Though the time honored custom is passing away;
 Where mamma in her babyhood rested and slept,
 The tops of her dear little daughters are kept.
 Here's a doll made of rags with a cheek like a rose,
 Pray do not examine the shape of her nose,
 Our surgeons the features to form have essayed
 And our patients resemble the poor little maid;
 But if Diddy were noseless she still would be dear.
 Would be welcomed and kissed every day in the year.
 Then there is Lucy with head made of porcelain ^{ware} ~~ware~~
 So fresh looking always, so cleanly, and fair,
 When "baby" at eve to her chamber is borne,
 Or laughing and crowing she wakes up at morn
 Or when sleeping protected by love from all harm
 Still Lucy is clasped to her soft little arm.
 Here's a curly haired poodle with hind feet alone
 To look up the others one eye too has gone.
 Nor is he the first puppy on two legs we've known.
 Here are books - "Mother Goose" and poor "Little Jack Corner"
 Since I was a child he has been in the corner.

His pie must be eaten ere this without doubt,
 Perhaps like the "starling" he cannot get out!
 Here's the bath that is daily prepared for our daughter,
 And sparkling and cold is the freshly drawn water,
 One white dimpled foot seeks the basin half afraid,
 The other must follow its playmate to aid.
 She shrinks from the plunge then with laughter so wild
 She frolics and plays with the glee of a child.
 Of dew-drops the casements have oft times a share,
 And mirror and stone must baptismal robes wear,
 No canary more joys its soft plumage to lose,
 And to flutter and float in the cool mimic wave.
 A year and a half have scarce passed since the night
 When our dear one first opened her eyes to the light.
 Then a wee helpless thing - Now she loves to repeat
 The words to the ear of a parent so sweet,
 And her dear little feet, patter o'er and o'er
 The length and the breadth of the carpeted floor.
 And her welcome refreshes when weary we come,
 For her voice and her laugh are the music of home.
 It was not thus ever in this little room
 For once there was nothing but sorrow and gloom,
 The angel of Death who can enter e'en here
 Had stricken a child no less gentle or dear!
 The eye that at morn, beamed loving and bright

Was evermore closed, 'er the coming of night,
 In this cradle she lay - yes! in dreamless sleep there,
 An image of all that was lovely and fair!
 Through the casement came rushing the cold wintry air,
 On the form that in life had been shielded with care.
 Old winter no longer could harm with his breath,
 Our darling benumbed by the finger of Death,
 Our little ewe lamb had been stolen away,
 That had drank of our cup; in our bosom she lay.
 Yet Merciful Father we did not repine
 Thou hadst taken our all, but the blessing was Thine,
 Although there remained when thy gift did depart,
 Desolation of home, desolation of heart.
 The sunshine was clouded in this little room
 Thenceforth we resigned it to darkness and gloom.
 None looked from the casement, none stepped ^{floor} o'er the
 Untrodden the threshold and opened the door!
 Up the eye turned away, we ascend the stair
 Yet though seeming unconcerned ~~thought~~ ^{thought} was still there
 And heart rose unbidden, as memory drew,
 The bright little face that had often peeped through.
 A year passed away. God remembered us though,
 A babe to my bosom was pressed once again.
 O! joyous the welcome, Oh! light was the ill!
 The void in our hearts thou wert destined to fill,

Tho none save thy parents, My darling, might see
 The manifold beauties foreshowed in thee.
 Then wide was thrown open this bright little room,
 And banished were loneliness, silence, and gloom,
 Our child in my arms I had courage once more
 The portal to enter the threshold pass o'er
 The sunshine was dancing in glee on the wall
 And the sunlight of happiness streamed over all
 Two children our Merciful Father hath given
 A loved one on Earth and a loved one in Heaven!

The Bridge of Sighs. By T. Hood.

"Drowned, drowned." Hamlet.

One more unfortunate
 Weary of breath,
 Rashly importunate,
 Gone to her death.

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care;
 Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young and so fair.

Look at her garments
 Clinging like serments,

Whilst she wove constantly
 Drops from her clothing;
 Take her up instantly
 Loving not Scathing.

Touch her not scornfully,
 Think of her mournfully,
 Gently and humanly;
 Not of the stains of her,
 All that remains of her
 Now is pure womanly.

Loop up her tresses,
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses,
While wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Or had she a brother?
Or was there a dear one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun;
Oh! it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none

The bleak winds of March
Made her tremble & shiver,
But not the ~~dark~~ arch,

Or the black flowing river;
Aid from life's history
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled,
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world.

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran!
Over the brink of it,
Picture it, think of it—
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it
Then if you can.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair.
Owing her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness
Her sins to her Saviour.

Extract—

"One by one the sands are flowing,
 * One by one the moments fall,
 Some are coming, some are going,
 Do not strive to grasp them all;
 One by one thy duties wait thee,
 Let thy whole strength go to each,
 Let no future dreams elate thee,
 Learn thou first what these can teach.

Do not linger with regretting,
 Or for passing hours despond,
 Nor thy daily toil forgetting,
 Look too eagerly beyond.
 Hours are golden links — God's token
 Reaching Heaven, but one by one
 Take them, lest the chain be broken,
 Ere thy pilgrimage be done."

The Bachelor's Debate.

The bachelor's debate we now rehearse,
 And grace its pleadings with the charm of verse;
 For Lo! sweet beauty with her maiden train,
 All hushed and curious, crowd to hear the strain.
 First rose the President, and deeply pressed
 With laboring thought, the listening band addressed:
 "Friends and companions, 'tis our names have stood
 The jest of blockheads ever since the flood,
 I deem you worthy; and my constant care,
 Had been to shield you from the scornful fair;
 Repress the sneer that still your steps pursues.
 And make you pass as other people do.
 But truth at length requires my serious voice,
 I'm Bachelor, 'tis true, but not from choice.
 For since my years I recollect, began
 To give me size, and run me up to man,
 Full many a race of blooming girls have passed,
 And each new race more beautiful than the last.
 I've loved in long succession, and become
 A Bachelor, detesting still the name:
 One object lost, another rose to view,
 My courtship shortened, and my title grew.
 Till forced at length & in my own despite,
 I sat me down a poor unmarried wight—

Not with the cool contempt we now profess;
 But genuine want of the desired success.—
 But now a prospect opens to my sight,
 Pregnant with hope and cheered with new delight.
 Whether 'tis pity moved, or love constraints,
 Or some vague wish to soothe a lonely pains,
 A gracious girl has taught me how to ride,
 My views to better things and happier days.—
 So to the worthiest, I resign my claim,
 Take back your chair, & please to scratch my name.
 "Blot it!" says Dem and let it neer be said,
 That such a chief, our band has ever led.
 I'll take the chair, or let some other try
 To prove a right, or better grounds than I.—
 Once and but once, I felt my bottom move,
 With some strange thing which I suppose was ^{love}.
 Three times to see the girl my course I bent,
 Three times returned the very man I went.
 My mind was wildered with I knew not what,
 I went and looked, but, friends, I courted not.
 Soon as I strove the whimpering tale to tell,
 My native genius rose the thought to quell,
 And odd sensations running o'er my brain,
 Warned me ^{to} quit, and off at length I came.—
 Since then strong resolutions armed my mind

To woo no less however good or kind."

Sage "Walter eyed him, as his seat he took
And promptly riding thence indignant spoke:-
"Let others try sham merits thence to prove,
Their fears I know are stronger than their love.
I'm cautious too, but on a larger scale,
No fear have I to "tell the whimpering tale?"
A nobler dread my wary heart invades,
I fear the sex through all their various grades..
See you the charm that every heart beguiles,
Their pretty forms, sweet looks, & tempting smiles;
Sure one might well expect with nymphs like these,
Fine things! sugar-plums, and honey days;
But these fair beings with their nameless charm,
These smiling angels, dressed in human form,
These girls, have powers, that now they will conceal,
So awe the proud, and make the stubborn feel:
They have arts to hide their sway, or make it known
And will to rule imperious and alone.
And powers to plague, which scorn your weak defence,
And ways and means to baffle common sense.
I've seen when fiercely, woman chanced to speak
Large men look slim, & blustering fellows creak.
These are my fears, & while of these possessed
No girl my friends makes conquest of my breast

On this strong principle I rest my claim;
Lest feared the courtship only, 'The dames' -
If any man a fairer claim can lay
Now let him rise - and up rose Joshua.
One hand was rested on the vacant chair,
The other moving with a graceful air.
Now raised aloft his noble views attest,
Pathetic now, his aching bosom pressed;
"For here," he cries "forever must I hear
That pure esteem that reverence for the fair,
Which neither slighted words, nor fruitless love,
Nor Lemuel's case, nor Walter's speech can move.
Fine speech! it was to make old fellows smile;
He mounts the rostrum here & talks in style.
But mark me now, at some convenient time
I'll take friend Walter with his grand sublime
Amidst the train where all his danger lies
Your smiling plagues, & maids with witching eyes
And then & there I'll force him to resign,
And view it every word & line for line.
You ask perhaps since I the deserver
Why league with you & claim this honored ^{chair?}
My friends, the cause you plainly see
I love the Ladies, but they love not me!
Their kind regard if any hope to gain,

Requires much thinking & a world of pain,
And powers to fix their minds, & what is worse
A long hard courtship, & a longer suitor.
These numerous evils crowding on my mind,
My dearest hopes at present I've resigned;
When fifty years have ripened every grace,
And stolen these boyish beauties from my face
Old, handsome, & rich I'll win my heart's desire
Wed like the President & then retire."

See Page 19-

Niagara.

Dash on! dash on! and swell forever swell
The chorus of thy wild and gushing song;
That billowy anthem seems with joy to tell
Of Him who made thy wondrous voice so strong.
Man's boasted eloquence but feebly vies
With the loud music of thy ceaseless hymn,
And shining clouds from thy rough altar rise,
Which smother the light of earthly offerings dim.

Oh who would dare, while gazing upon thee
To doubt the power that made thee what thou art?
There let the scoffer bend his stubborn knee
And speak the prayer that trembles in his heart.
I would not ask a holier spot to breathe
My holiest thought or bow me down to pray;
Shame where the laughing sunshine comes to wreath
A crown of glory through thy sparkling spray.

I strove to tell the thoughts, which thick & fast,
When first I saw thee, through my bosom crept,
I longed to speak but could not, and at last
Bowed low my head, in silent awe, and wept.

Down, down, for countless centuries as now,
That emerald torrent o'er the rock has poured,
And countless rainbows on thy misty brow,
Have written, "Holiest unto the Lord."

And when stern winter clasps the cloudy veil
That floats around thee in his icy hands,
Making thy wondrous beauty sad and pale,
As from thy forehead drops the glittering band,
Lo! does the white foam surging at thy feet
Build up to God a mighty monument.
A frozen altar, to His praise as meet
As summer rainbows in the softly bent.

I'd love to see the angry tempest-king
Do battle with thee in thy strength and pride
And watch the whirlwind dip his puffed wing
With wasted strength in thy restless tide—
To see the dark ranks of the storm advance
And hurl their thunders at thy bristling crest
To watch the lightnings' fiery javelins glance
From the white shield upon thy heaving breast.

Man dares the ocean - tho' its waves devour
His swimming fleet - he wrestles with the sea;

But in the zenith of his boasted power
He never yet has dared to cope with Thee.
They succeed not the aid of wind and storm
To make the terrible — yet dost thou blend
Thy smiles and fury in one strange, wild form
So wonderful we scarce can comprehend —

Grand, beautiful, invisible thou art,
But, ah! how vaguely human words can tell
Of Thee (as thou art sweeping through my heart);
One atom of thy shining spray, as well
Could paint those mighty turrets as they ^{stand} ~~are~~
Forever changing, while thou art the same
Summer and winter, now and evermore,
As when from God thy foaming waters came.
Rosa

God —

Oh! Thou eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through times all devaluating flight;
Thou only God! there is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with thyself alone:
Embracing all supporting — ruling o'er —
Being whom we call God — and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep — may count
The sands or the sun's rays — but God! for thee
There is no weight nor measure — none can mount
Up to thy mysteries — Reasons brightest sparks,
Though kindled by thy light in vain could try
To trace thy councils, infinite and dark,
And thought is lost ere thought can ^{high} soar;
Even like past moments in Eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness, didst call
First chaos — then existence; Lord on thee
Eternity had its foundation: all
Springing forth from thee; of light, joy, harmony

Sole origin: all life - all beauty thine.

Thy word created all, and doth create:

Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine,
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be, glorious!
Life giving, life sustaining Potentate.

Thy chains the unmeasured universe
Upheld by thee, thy the inspired with breath,
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery flax,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the fragrant
Of Heavens bright army, glitter in thy praise.

A million torches lighted by thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss -
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light -
A glorious company of golden streams -
Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright
Suns lighting systems with their joyful beams.
But thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in thee is lost;
What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee?
And what am I then? Heaven's unnumbered host
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against thy greatness - is a cipher brought
Against infinity! What then am I? Naught!

Naught! But the effluence of thy light divine,
Persuading words, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth thy Spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! but I live, and on hopes pinions fly
Eager toward thy presence; for in thee
I live, and breathe, & dwell; aspiring high
Even to the throne of thy divinity.
I am, O God, and surely thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all I must!
Direct my understanding then to thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering ^{heart:} thought,
Though but an atom mid immensity

Still I am something fashioned by thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt Heaven & earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realm where angels have their ^{birth}
Just on the boundaries of the Spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is ~~no~~ ^{no} matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is Spirit-deity!
I can command the lightning and am dumb
A monarch and a slave! a woman, a god!
Whence came I here and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived! unknown? this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy?
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! thy wisdom and thy word
Created me, thou source of life and good!
Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere
Even to its source - to thee - its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! 'O visions blest!'

Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
Yet shall our shadowed ~~image~~ fill our hearts,
And waft its homage to thy Deity,
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
I thus seek thy presence: Being wide & good
Midst thy vast works, admire, obey, adore!
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

Translated from Derzhavin (a Russian Gentleman
born 1763) by Dr Bowring.

Truth crush'd to earth shall rise again
The eternal years of God are hers
But error wounded writhes in pain
And dies amid his worshippers
Bryant.

"She is not yet so old,
But she may learn" - Shake -

Times go by Swind.

By Robert Southwell 1562 - 1595. - See Bi Co of E Lit P. 88.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,

Most make plants sense both fruit and flower;

The sourest wight may find release from pain,

The driest soil suck in some moistening shower.

Time goes by turns and chances change by ^{degrees}

From foul to fair; from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow

She draws her favors to the lowest ebb

Her tides have equal times to come & go

Her loom doth weave the fine & coarsest web

No joy so great but summeth to an end

No hap so hard but may in fine amend

Not always full of leaf nor ever spring

Not endless night yet not eternal day

The saddest birds a season find to sing

The roughest storm a Calm may some day bring

Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth ^{all}

That man may hope to ride, yet fear to fall

A chance may win that by mischance was lost
That net that hold no great takes little fish
In some things all, in all things none are ^{wise} ^{wise}
Few all they need, but none have all they ^{wish}
Unmingled joys here to no man befall,
Who least, hath some; who most, hath ^{all} never

Scorn not the Least.

When words are weak and foes encountering strong
When mightier do assault than do defend
The febler part putt up enforced wrong
And silent sees that speech could not amend
Yet higher powers must think who they ^{repine} ^{repine}
When sun is set the little stars will shine.

There is a time even for worms to creep
And such the dew while all their foes ^{sleep} ^{sleep}

The merlin cannot ever soar so high,
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase
The tender lark will find a time to fly,
And fearful hare to run a quiet race

He that high growth on cedars did bestow
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

+ + + + +
We trample grass and prize the flower of ^{May}
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.
Southwell

Of knowledge there is no satiety but
satisfaction and appetite are perpetually
interchangeable. Bacon

To spend too much time in studies
is sloth. Bacon.

Crafty men contemn studies, simple men
admire them, and wise men use them;
for they teach not their own use, but
that it is wisdom without them, and
above them even by observation.

Read not to contradict & confute, nor
to believe and consider take for granted
nor to find talk & discourse but to
weigh and consider. Some books are
to be tasted, others to be swallowed

A chance may win that by mischance was lost
That net that held no great takes little fish
In some things all, in all things none are exc^d
Few all they need, but none have all they ^{wish}
Unmingled joys here to no man befall,
Who least, hath some; who most, hath ^{all} never

Scorn not the Least.

When weaks are weak and foes encountering strong
When mightier do assault than do defend
The febler part part up enforced wrong
And silent sees that speech could not amend
Yet higher powers must think tho' they repine
When sun is set the little stars will shine.

+ + + + +
There is a time even for worms to creep
And such the den while all their foes ^{sleek} do

The merlin cannot ever soar so high,
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase
The tender lark will find a time to fly,
And fearful hare to run a quiet race.

Let that high growth on cedars did bestow
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

+ + + + + May
We trample grass and prize the flowers of
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.
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above them even by observation.
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to believe and consider false for granted,
nor to find talk & discourse but to
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to be tasted, others to be swallowed

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That net that holds no great takes little fish
In some things all, in all things none are excess'd
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Who least, hath some; who most, hath never ^{all}

Scorn not the Least.

When weaks are weak and foes encountering strong
When mightier do assault than do defend
The febler part first up enforced wrong
And silent sees that speech could not amend
Yet higher powers must think tho' they repine
When even is set the little stars will shine.

+ + + + +
There is a time even for worms to creep
And such the den while all their foes ^{sleep} do

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to be tasted, others to be swallowed

and some few to be chewed and digested:
that is, some books are to be read
only in parts; others to be read but not
curiously; and some few to be read
wholly with diligence and attention.
Some books also may be read by deputy
and extracts made of them by others
but that would be only in the less
important arguments and the meaner
sort of books; else distilled books are
like common distilled waters, flashy
things. Reading maketh a full man,
conference a ready man, and writing
an exact man; and therefore if a
man write little he had need have
a ^{great} good memory, if he confer little
he had need have a present wit; &
if he read little he had need have
much cunning, to seem to know
that he doth not. Bacon

He needs strong arms who is to swim
against the stream. Thomas Fuller

Many wish the tree to be felled ^{up to} ~~that~~ hope to gather the
chips by the full. Fuller

Rules of Memory Fuller.

First soundly infix in thy mind what thou desirest to remember. What wonder is it if agitation of business jigs ^{that} out of thy head which was there rather tucked than fastened? It is best knocking in the nail over night and clinching it the next morning. Overburden not thy memory to make so faithful a servant a slave.

Remember Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel, to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory like a purse if it be over full that it cannot shut all will drop out of it: take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof.

Fasten thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice as much weight trussed & packed up in bundles than when it lies untrussed & flapping and hanging about his shoulders. Things orderly fastened up under

heads are most portable.

Adventure not all thy learning in
one bottom but divide it between^{ist}
thy memory and thy note-books. +

Who would a worthy courage overthrow
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?
Lady Elizabeth Carey.

We are naturally endowed with a strong
appetite to know, to see, to pursue truth,
and with a biasful abhorrence from
being deceived and entangled in mistakes.
And as success in inquiring after truth
affords matter of joy & triumph; sobering
conscious of error & mis-carriage there-
in is attended with shame & sorrow.
These desires wisdom in the most
perfect manner satisfied, not by
entertaining us with dry, empty,
fruitless theories upon mean and
vulgar subjects but by enriching
our minds with excellent & useful
knowledge directed to the noblest

objects and serviceable to the highest
ends. Isaac Barron.

The Prayer should be the key of the day &
the lock of the night. Samuel Butler.

"Pray without ceasing" Bible
Content will never dwell but in a meek
and quiet soul. Isaac Walton.

We are to observe and to respect the
smallest good that is in any.
[A pearl may be in that rough shell]
Trample not on any - there may be
some work of grace there that thou
knowest not of. Robert Leighton.

Do you consider yourself as lord and prince
of the wild beasts because you command
those that are without, though you never
think of subduing or setting bounds
to those that are within you. Ibid.

Temperance.

If you would be spiritual healthy
and vigorous and enjoy much of the

consolations of Heaven, he sparing & sober
in those of the earth, and what you abate
of the one shall be certainly made up in
the other. Leighton.

If I be not outwardly rich I will labor
to be poor in craving desires - but in the
virtues of the mind (the best riches) I would
not have a man exceed me.

Queen Feltham.

The eagerness and strong bent of the
mind after knowledge if not manly
regulated is often a hinderance to it.

John Locke.

If by gaining knowledge we destroy our
health, we labor for a thing that will be
useless in our hands.

He that sinks his vessel by overloading
it though it be with gold & silver &
precious stones, will give his owner but
an ill account of his voyage.

Locke.

The true art of enjoying life - Henry Grove

The first rule and in a manner comprehensive of all the rest is always to consider human life in its connection, as a state of trial with an everlasting existence.

How does this single thought at once raise and sink the value of everything under the sun - sink it as a part of our worldly portion - raise it as a means and opportunity of promoting the glory of the great Author of all good, and the happiness present & future of our fellow creatures as well as our own.

In the next place we are to lay down this for a certain maxim and constantly attend to it - that our happiness must arise from our own temper & actions not immediately from any external circumstances.

To require less from others than is commonly done in order to be pleased and to be more studious to please them, not from a meanness of spirit not from artful views but from an

unaffected benevolence is another rule of greater importance than is easily imagined and ~~it~~ more effectually reaches all that is aimed at by self-love without designing it. -

So this add that though we should be impartial yet not severe in the judgment we pass and the demands we make upon ourselves: - watchful against the infirmities and errors too incident to human nature, but not supposing that we shall be entirely free from them, nor afflicting ourselves beyond measure to find that we are not. Such an overstrained severity breaks the force of the mind and hinders its progress towards perfection.

In the choice of conditions or making any steps in life it is a dictate of wisdom to prefer reality to appearance and to follow Providence as ^{our} guide - to be more indifferent to life & all things in it which the less we value the more we shall enjoy. -

And lastly to consider that the happiness

of the present state consists more in repose
than pleasure - and in those pleasures
that are pure and calm (which are
likewise the most lasting) rather than
in those which violently agitate the pas-
sions. - Happy are we when our pleasures
flow from the regularity of our passions
and even course of piety & goodness, and
humble confidence in the Mercy of God
and from the hope of immortality.
Not to be contented without a perpetual
succession of other pleasures besides these
is the way never to know contentment.

Sounding titles - stately buildings - fine
gardens - gilded chariots - rich equipages -
what are they? - They dazzle everyone
but the possessor - to him that is ac-
customed to them - they are cheap and
regardless things - they supply him
not with brighter images or more
sublime satisfactions than the plain
man may have whose small estate
will just enable him to support the
charge of simple unencumbered life. -
Ibid -

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment & misguide the mind
What the weak head with strongest bias rules
Is Pride the never failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth denied
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride.

+ + +
Trust not yourself but your defects to know
Make use of every friend and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian Spring
These shallow draughts intoxicate the brain
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Alexander Pope - B 1638 - D 1744.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend
His praise is lost who stays till all commend.
Ibid.

Death Divides Friendships

'Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have ^{heedless on} wandered
Hid from the vulgar eye, & sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip covered bank
Where the pure limpid stream had slid along
I'm grateful errors through the underwood

Sweet murmuring - methought the shrill-tongued ^{thrush}
Mended his song of love - the sooty blackbird
Mellowed his pipe - and softened every note
The eglantine smelled sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a dye more deep - whilst every flower
Vied with its fellow plant in luxury
Of dress! Oh! then the longest summer's day
Seemed too too much in haste: ^{heart} still the full
Had not imparted half: true happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed
Not to return, how painful the remembrance.
Robert Blair.

Tutors should treat their pupils with
regard to such of their faulty habits
as cannot easily be eradicated as prudent
physicians do their patients in chronic
cases rather with gentle palliatives than
harsh extirpatives; which by means of
the resistance given to them by the
habit may create such ferments as
may utterly defeat their intention.
Samuel Richardson.

Neither a learned nor a fine education is of any other
value than as it tends to improve the morals of men
and to make them wise & good. Ibid.

Consider & forget not thine own weakness;
so shalt thou pardon the failings of
others. — Robert Dodsley. —

Consider how few things are worthy of
anger; and thou wilt wonder that any
but fools should be wroth. Ibid —

At thirty man suspects himself a fool:
Knows it at forty and reforms his plan:
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought,
Resolves; & resolves; then dies the same.
Edward Young —

The love of praise howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns, more or less, & glows in every heart.
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endures,
The modest shuns it, but to make it sure.
Ibid —

Reflections at the close of the week —
+ + + Have I predominated
my understanding clear, my temper calm, my

spirits cheerful, my body temperate and healthy, and my heart in a right frame.

Catharine Talbot. —

He that will not suffer himself to be discouraged by fancied impossibilities, may sometimes find his abilities invigorated by the necessity of exerting them in short intervals, as the force of a current is increased by the contraction of its channel. —

Johnson. —

Man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn! Burns

The Habit of Attention

H. Moore —

An early and unremitting zeal in forming the mind to a habit of Attention, not only produces the outward expression of good breeding; as one of its incidental advantages; but involves or rather creates better qualities than itself. + + +

Qualities that are preferable to Genius -
H. C. Moore.

Patience, Diligence and unfatigued perseverance - Industry, Regularity & Economy of Lines.

Effects of Light Reading Ibid

There is a certain precocity of mind which is much helped on by these superficial modes of instruction, for frivolous reading will produce its correspondent effect in much less time than books of solid instruction, the imagination being liable to be worked upon and the feelings to be set agoing, much faster than the understanding can be opened and the judgment enlightened.

A talent for conversation should be the result of instruction, not its precursor it is a golden fruit when suffered to ripen gradually on the tree of knowledge but if forced in the hotbed of a circulating library, it will turn out worthless & vapid in proportion as it was artificial and premature.

Girls who have been accustomed to devour a multitude of frivolous books will converse and write with a far greater appearance of skill as to style and sentiment at twelve or fourteen years old than those of a more advanced age, who are under the discipline of severer studies, but the former having early attained to that low standard which had been held out to them become stationary; while the latter quietly progressive, are passing through just gradations to a higher strain of mind and those who early begin with talking and writing like women commonly end with thinking and acting like children.

Sir Egerton Brydges speaking of Milton says—

Magnanimity grows strong by oppression and difficulty— and when a difficulty is conquered, the energy is doubled—no one knows what powers are in him till he is pressed: when they come out

from pressure, hope and confidence come with them. It is not till after we have been tried that we trust ^{to} ourselves: then we stand unmoved by the blast and laugh at the storm. All genuine power grows more vigorous after it has been tried.

If we are asked by any of our young readers how they may pass through the present period of their lives with most of honor and of solid enjoyment, and at the same time make the best preparation for future respectability usefulness and happiness we should unhesitatingly answer — think nothing allowable in word or action, which you feel your conscience (?) condemn and of which you could not speak to a respected friend — cherish an habitual and operative sense of the Divine presence and your own accountability — and remember that "he who despiseth small things shall fall by little and little." Sant Carpenter —

By Thomas Arnold

Since I began this letter I have had some of the troubles of schoolkeeping and one of those specimens of the evils of boy-nature which make me always unwilling to undergo the responsibility of advising any man to send his son to a public school. There has been a system of persecution carried on by the bad against the good, and then when complaint was made to me there came fresh persecution on that very account, and likewise instances of boys joining in it out of pure cowardice, both physical and moral, when if left to themselves they would have rather shunned it; and the exceedingly small number of boys who can be relied on for active and steady good on these occasions, and the way in which the decent and respectable of ordinary life (Carlyle's "Sharns") are sure on these occasions to swim with the stream and take part with the evil, makes me strongly feel exemplified what the Scripture says

a view of humannature which when looking on human life in its full dress of decencies & civilizations we are apt to imagine to find is hard to realize about the straight gate & the wide one +
+ ^{but} Here in the nakedness of boy-mature one is quite able to understand how there could not be found even 10 righteous in a whole city. And how to meet this evil I really do not know, but to find it thus ripe after I have been years fighting against it, is so sickening that it is very hard not to throw up the cards in despair and upset the table. But then the stars of nobleness which I see amidst the darkness are so cheering - that one is inclined to stick to the ship again, and have another good try at getting her about.

Decision of Character

John Foster -

A man with decision of Character will not only secure the freedom of acting for himself but he will obtain also by degrees, the coincidence of those in whose company he is to transact the business of life. Of the manners of such a man are free from arrogance

and he can qualify his firmness with a moderate degree of insinuation, and if his measures have partly lost the appearance of being the dictates of his will under the milder & softer sanction of some experience that they are reasonable; both competition and fear will be laid to sleep, and his will may acquire an unresisted ascendancy over many who will be pleased to fall into the mechanism of a system, which they find makes them more successful and happy than they could have been amidst the anxiety of adjusting plans and expedients of their own, and the consequences of often adjusting them ill.

I have known several parents both fathers & mothers whose management of their families has answered this description & has displayed a striking example of the facile complacency ^{with} which a number of persons of different ages and dispositions will yield to the decisions of a firm hand acting on an equitable and enlightened system. — Question Why may not Teachers profit?

To a Child (Joanna Baillie)
Whose imp art thou with dimpled cheek
And curly pate and merry eye
And arm and shoulder round & sleek
And soft and fair? Thou unkin ely!

What boots it who with sweet caresses
First called thee his - or equine or hind?
Since thou in every wight that passes
Doest now a friendly playmate find.

Thy downcast glances grave but cunning,
As fringed eye lids rise and fall;
Thy shyness, swiftly from me running -
Do infantine coquetry all.

But far afield thou hast not flown
With mocks, & threats half hissed half spoken
I feel thee pulling at my gown
Of right good will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrattle too
A mimic warfare with one raging
To make as wily lovers do
Thy after tenderness more engaging.

The wilding rose sweet as thyself
And new-croft daisies are thy treasure
I'd gladly part with worldly self
To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet for all thy merry look
Thy ficks & wiles, the time is coming
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook
The weary spell or horn-book thumping

Well let it be! through weal and woe
Thou knowest not now thy future range;
Life is a motley, shifting show
And thou a string of hope & change.

A Wish (Samuel Rogers)

None be a cot beside the hill;
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay built nest
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch
And share my meal, a welcome guest

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing
In sweet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees
Where first our marriage vows were given
With merry peels shall swell the breeze
And point with taper spire to Heaven

The love of Country and of Home.

Jas. Montgomery

There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved of Heaven, is all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serene light,
And milder moons enparadise the night,
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time tutored age and love exalted youth;
The wandering mariner whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul

Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of Earth supremely blest,
A dearer sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant casts aside
His sword & sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softer looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the sureband, father, friend,
Here woman reigns, the Mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life
In the clear heaven of her delighted eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And paradise pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of ^{earth be found?}
Art thou a man? a patriot? - look around
Oh! thou shalt find homier thy footsteps ^{soam,}
That land thy country & that spot thy Home.

Humility Ibid

The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade when all things rest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing
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And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade when all things rest.

[*]

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[* Joseph Hall - ^{Interregnum} 1574-1633 - Writer of Prose & Poetry]

^{Charles II}
Jeremy Taylor 1602-1667 - Distinguished "Divine"
Abraham Cowley 1618-1667 - Better prose than poetry

[Robert Herrick ^{Ch II} 1591-1633 - Lyric Poet] ^{The honest of being}
[^{Sir Wm} Davenant 1605-1668 - ^{Ch II} "Bertha" ^{made about} ^{written by John Donne} i.e. his life]

^{Charles II}
John Milton 1608-1674. "A star of the first magnitude"
Edward Hyde - Earl of Clarendon ^{Ch II} 1608-1674 -

^{Ch II}
"History of the Rebellion" On the King's side -
Sir Matthew Hale 1609-1676 - Judge - ^{Wrote} Good advice ^{to his children}

[Isaac Barrow 1630-1677 "Divine" & Mathematician]

[Andrew Marvell 1620-1678 Prose wit of the reign of Charles 2]

Owen Feltham Died 1678 - I do like his sentiments

[Samuel Butler 1612 ^{C 2} 1680 - "Hudibras"]

[Sir Thomas Browne 1605 ^{C 2} 1682 Some good ideas]

[Isaac Walton 1593 ^{C 2} 1683 "The Father of Angling"]

[Robert Leighton 1613 ^{C 2} 1684 - One of my favorites]

[Edmund Waller 1605 ^{J 2} 1687 - "A Time Server"]

^{James II}
John Bunyan 1628-1688 "Linker of Bedford"

Author of "Pilgrims Progress"

Robert Barclay 1648-1696 - The Apologizer -

or Apologist or one who wrote the Apology.

^{Wm M}
Robert Boyle 1626-1692 - I do not object to -

Richard Baxter 1615-1691 - Writes in a style I enjoy.

[John Tillotson 1630-1694 - Archbishop of Canterbury]

Sir Wm Temple 1628-1698 - Statesman & writer

John Dryden 1630-1700 - Don't particularly admire

John Locke ^{Anne} 1632-1704 I hope to be better ac-
 quainted with when I meet with a ^{standing}
 Robert South ^{George I} 1683-1716 - I rather like. - Locke on the Human Under-
 Thomas Parnell 1679-1717 - "Wrote our" "Hermit" -
 William Penn 1644-1718 - Needs no comment -
 Joseph Addison 1672-1719 Leader in the "Letter" & "Spectator" -
 Sir Richard Steele ^{George II} 1671-1729 "The Father of Periodical Writing" -
 Steele started the latter -
 Daniel De Foe 1661-1731 Author of Robinson Crusoe -
 John Gay 1688-1732 "Hare & Many Fins" Etc -
 [John Arbuthnot Died 1735 - Quite a wit, ^{yet} a had humility] -
 [Richard Bentley 1662-1742 Great classical scholar] -
 [Wm Somerville 1692-1742 Father of Field Sports] -
 Jonathan Swift 1667-1745 - Humorous writer -
 [Thomas Yalden 1671-1736 " "] -
 Alexander Pope 1688-1744 "Messiah" ^(Shoggy Deformed) at the age of 18 -
 wrote also Essay on Man & Etc -
 Robert Blair - 1699-1746 - Author of the Grave -
 James Thomson 1700-1748 - The Seasons -
 Isaac Watts 1674-1748 - Read Watts on the Mind by
 all means -
 Henry St John Viscount Bolingbroke 1678-1751 - Interesting
 [Conyers Middleton 1683-1750 - Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero] -
 Philip Doddridge 1702-1751 Read him -
 Joseph Butler 1692-1752 - The Analogy of Religion -
 [George Berkeley 1684-1753 Bishop of Cloyne in Ireland
 virtuous & Benevolent -
 William Collins 1720-1756 Lyric Poet -
 Samuel Richardson 1689-1761 His "Moral Sentiments" good -

George III

- [Thomas Shadock 1678-1761 - "Wrote good 'sermons' -]
- [Lady Mary Wortley Montagu 1690-1762 I don't admire -]
- Robert Dodsley 1703-1764 Some very useful hints
- Edward Young 1681-1765 "The Economy of Human Life" We admire many parts of the slight thoughts
- Catharine Talbot 1720-1770 Does deserve to be read
- Thomas Chatterton 1752-1770 ^(Fruitful) A Poet.
- Mark Akenside 1721-1770 - Pleasures of the Imagination
- Thomas Gray - 1716 1771 "The Elegiac Bard"
- John Hawkeburnth - 1719-1773 Projected the Adventurer (Who the Rambler?)
- Oliver Goldsmith 1728 1774 Poor Goldie -
- David Hume 1711 1776 Historian
- William Pitt Earl of Chatham 1708-1778 - We all love
- Sir Wm Blackstone 1723-1780 We all respect
- Samuel Johnson 1709-1784 - The Great Critic
- Thomas Warton 1728-1790 - History of Eng Poetry
- William Robertson 1721-1793 Historian -
- Edward Gibbon 1737-1794 "
- Sir Wm Jones 1746-1794 Judge in India
- Robert Burns - 1759-1796 We pity the man and admire his poetry
- Edmund Burke 1730-1797 Writer & Statesman
- Sir Philip Francis The Letters of Junius -
- William Cowper 1731-1800 ^{the} Poet of the Elderly's Good, ^{aged} What old man does not love Cowper.
- Joseph Warton First in the 19th century
- 1722-1800 - Poet & School Master

Hugh Blair ^{George III} 1718-1800- The Rhetoric
 James Beattie 1735-1803- Poet & Moral Phil -
 William Paley 1743-1805- Theology -
 Elizabeth Carter 1717-1806- Learned Lady -
 Henry Kirke White 1785-1806- Poor Fellow -
 Richard Cumberland 1722-1811- Prose Writer -
 James Grahame 1765-1811- Would be a Poet ^{"the Sabbath"}
 Granville Sharp 1735-1813- Philanthropist -
 Thomas Brown 1788-1820- Metaphysician -
 [Vicissimus Knox ^{George IV} 1752-1821- Prose Writer -]
 Charles Wolfe 1791-1823- Both Prose & Poetry
 Robert Bloomfield 1766-1823- "The Farmer Boy"
 Thomas Erskine 1750-1823- Lord Erskine ^{in Debate}
 George Gordon Byron 1788-1824- Would thou wert
 Anna Letitia Barbauld 1743-1825- Education & ^{worthy of the love}
 Reginald Heber 1783-1826- Bishop Heber - Poet -
 Robert Pollok 1799-1827- The Course of Time
 Jonathan Dymond 1796-1828- Essay on Morality.
 [William Hazlitt 1780-1830- Critic & Miscellaneous Writer]
 Robert Hall ^{William IV} 1764-1831- Writer & Preacher
 [Henry Mackenzie 1745-1831- Humorous writer -
 Walter Scott 1771-1832- Dares not read thee
 [Charles Butler 1780-1832- pretty & than art. -
 George Crabbe 1754-1832- Poet
 James Mackintosh 1765-1832- Prose writer

Any Poet.
 part of
 me

Thomas Moore 1780 — What did thee write
John Wilson 1788 — pretty things we can't read for
Amelia Opie 1771 — Professor of Moral Phil in the
University of Edinburgh.
She wrote one pretty piece
of poetry and lots of lies.
But I believe she did say for us not to say they

[Henry East Milman 1791 — Writes poetry
Thomas Babington Macaulay Thou dost
not deserve a place in the same
book with Wm Penn — though thou
be so able to handle the goose quill.
Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Sheridan Thou
shouldst not have become "Mrs Norton"
so early, and then perhaps ^{thou} would
have kept ^{with} "Mr" Norton longer — I admire
thou canst write poetry.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote some
Richard Whately 1787 — I have ^{pretty pieces} not read thy
Eliza Cook — I rather like thy pleasant
familiar style

[Samuel Warren I am not acquainted with thee
Martin Targuher Supper 1810 — I respect thy
labors in the line of poetry — I admire
their cheering tendency.

Mrs Jameson — No doubt thou art very
clever but I have not read thee

Wm Howitt Husband of Mary Howitt
Mary Howitt The children love —
Henry Brougham 1779 — Wonderful Orator — End

of English Intellect for the Present as compiled by me. & taken from the MSS of the original

The Call! -
Thy night is dark!
Behold the shade was
deeper,
In the old Garden of
Gethsem'ane,
When that calm voice awoke
the weary sleeper
Couldst thou not watch
one hour alone with
me,
Oh! thou so weary of thy
self & ⁱⁿ world,
And so impatient
of thy little cross,
Is it so hard to hear
thy daily trials
To count all earthly
things a gainful loss? -

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End
of English Intellect for the Present as exemplified by me. I taken from the Standard 1846.

What if thou always suffer
And if the Christian Warfare
Never cease,
The gaining of the quiet
habitation,
Shall gather thee to everlasting
place —

But here we all must suffer
walking lonely,
The path which Jesus
once himself hath
gone,
Watch thou in patience
through this dark
hour only,
This one dark hour
before the Eternal Dawn,
The captives our may pause
upon the gallery
The soldier sleep, beneath

His plumed crest—
And Peace may fold her
wing a full valley,

But thou O Christian must
not take thy rest—

Thou must—~~work~~ on
however men upbraid
thee,

With Him who trod the
vinepress, all alone,

Thou wilt not find
one human hand
to aid thee,

One human soul
to comprehend
thy own;

Heed not the images
fences ~~thronging~~

From out the fangore

fast—
Thou livest no more,
Faint hearted manner,
Still art thou longing—
For the dim outline of the
receding shore;—
Wilt thou find rest of soul
In thy returning,
To that old path thou hast
So vainly trod,—
Hast thou forgotten all
thy weary yearning,
To walk among the children
of thy God;—
Faithful and steadfast
In their consecration,
Living by that high faith,

to thee so dear, -
Declaring before God
their dedication, -

So far from thee, because
so near to Him. -

Canst thou forget the Chris-
tian superscription,

"Behold we count them
happy which endure,"

What treasure wouldst thou
In the Land of Egypt?"

Recross the stormy waters
to home? -

Poor wondering soul, -
I know what thou
art seeking,

Some easier way, as all
have sought before.

To silence the reproachful
inward speaking,
Some landward path unto
an island shore. -

The cross is heavy on thy
Human measure,
The way too narrow for
thine inward
pride,

Thou canst not lay thine
intellectual treasure

At the low footstool
of the Crucified. -

Oh! that thy faithless
Soul,
One great hour
only, -

Could comprehend the
Christians perfect life, -

Despised with Jesus,
Sorrowful and lonely —
Yet calmly looking upward
in its strife.

For poverty and self renunciat^{ion} —
The Father yieldeth back
a thousand fold,
On the calm stillness
of regeneration,
Cometh a joy we never
knew of old —

In meek obedience to the
Heavenly Teacher,

Thy weary soul can find
its only peace.

Seeking no aid from any
Human Creature,
Looking to God alone for its release.

Willson

Canton 3rd

& Cleveland

Readers

* Limpree =

near
= 1871 =

✓ Looking to God alone for
his release.

['The Letter to the']

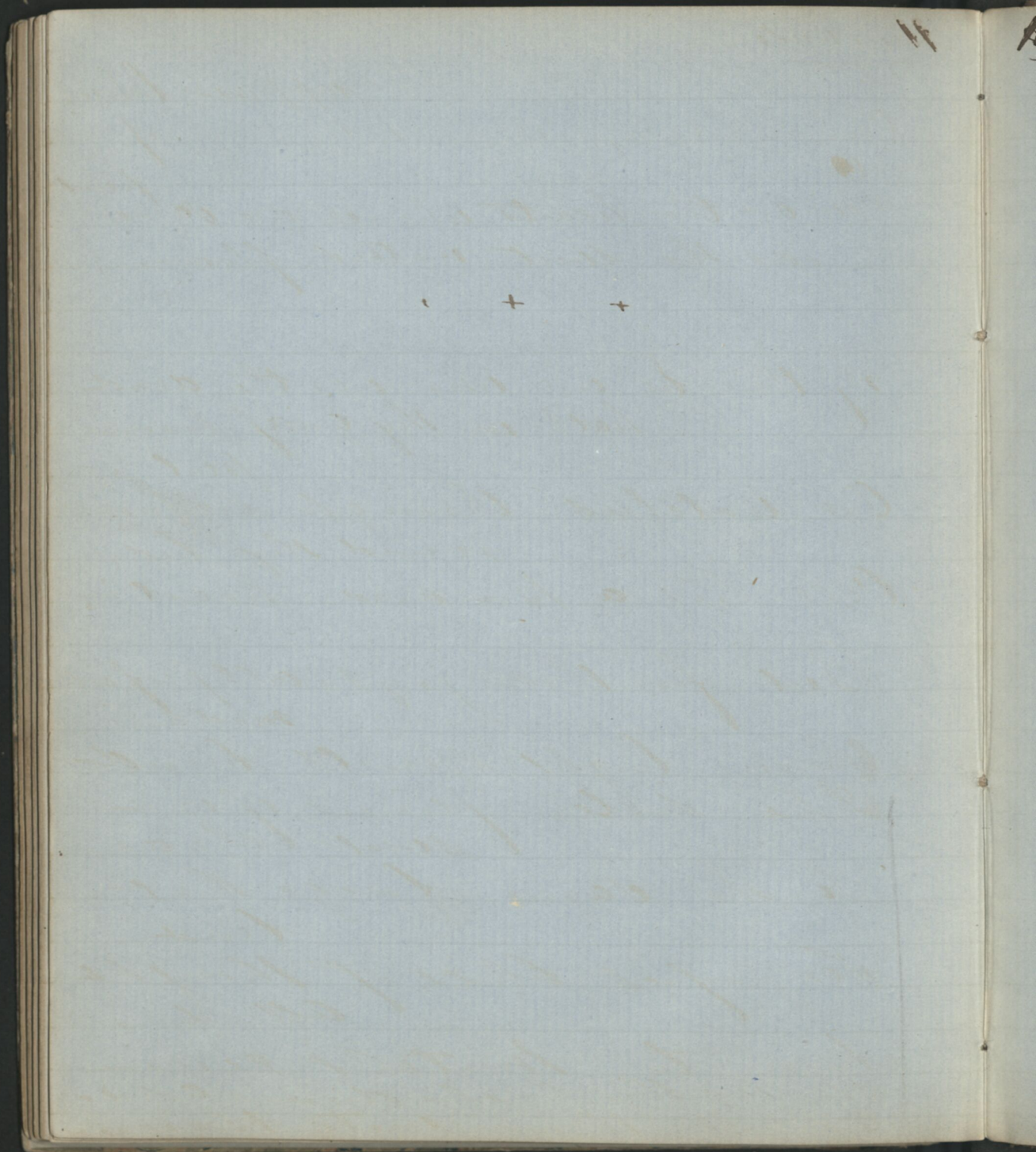
And He will come
In His own time
and power, -

To set his earnest hearted
Chil'ren free, -

Watch only through this
dark and awful hour,
And the bright morning
yet will break for
thee

Anna Mallock - I wrote 6 Feb - 7 M -

Ordered by
Sarah Jane Latham
of Poplar Ridge N.Y.



happineess below,
Oh! ask not, hope thou not too much of
Few are the hearts whence one same ^{font}
Beats the sweet waters flow,
+ + +

If there be one who o'er the dead
Hath in thy grief borne
Or watched through sickness
round thy bed;-
Call him a pinched heart:-

But for those joys, all perfect
made
Wherein lights & spirits blend
Like sister flowers of one
sweet shade,
To the same breeze that
bends,
For perfect bliss, of thoughts
allied, -
Never to mortals given
Ere lay thy lonely dreams aside,
Or e'er thou enter Heaven.

a mistake

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"Methought Death laid his hand on me,
And did his prisoner bind;
And by the sound methought I heard,
His Master's feet behind.
Methought I stood upon the shore,
And nothing could I see
But the vast Ocean, with my eyes
A vast Eternity!

Methought I heard the midnight cry,
"Behold the Bridegroom comes—"
Methought I was called to the bar,
Where souls receive their doom:—
The world was at an end to me,
As if it all did burn:
But lo! there came a voice from Heaven,
Which ordered my return.

Lord I returned at thy command,
What wilt thou have me do?
Oh, let me wholly live to Thee
To whom my life I owe!
Iain would I dedicate to thee
The remnant of my days:
Long with my life renew my heart,
That both thy name may praise &

Warton

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Madon —
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Algei

If every creature hath won thy love,
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove —
If never a sad low whisper word
Hath pleased with thy human heart unheard —
When when night steals on, as now,
It will bring relief to thine aching brow,
And with joy and peace at the thought of rest,
Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy "mother's" breast."

Done

Ch. Webster

Will Willie please learn this piece, so as to say this evening and
Give thy affectionate Teacher M. Knightfoot.

M. Knightfoot the writing.

Edw. Albertson

"The picture of a child's time of play"

"Time of play! Time of play"

What hast thou done O day long day

The birds are silent so is the bee

The sun is creeping up steeply and true

The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves

Their nests are dark with the drooping leaves

Twilight gathers - the day is done

How hast thou spent it - settle one.

Playing but what hast thou done beside

Go tell thy mother at eventide

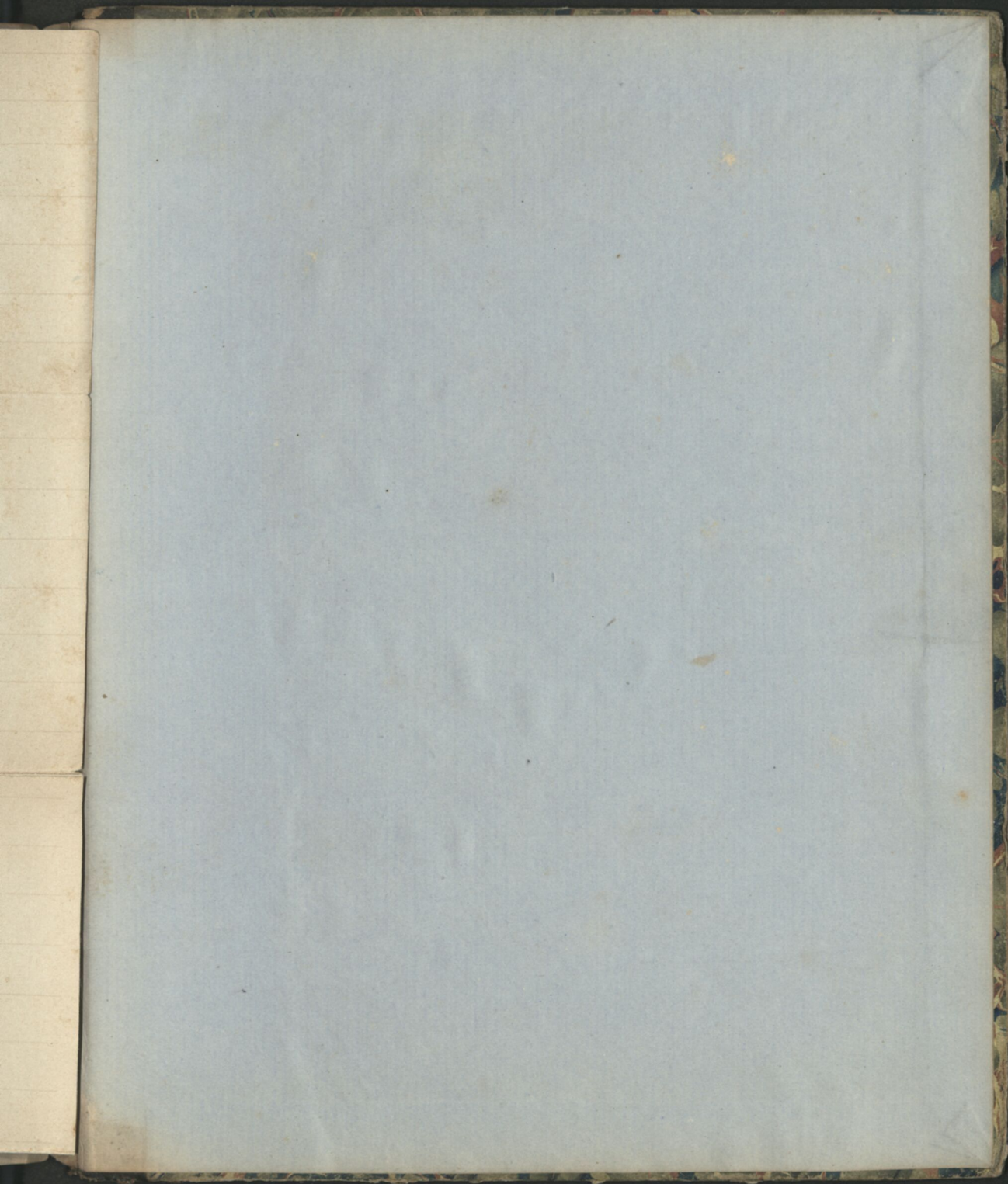
What promise of man is left unbroken

What kind word to thy playmate spoken

How hast thou pitied a fellow forgiven

How with thy faults hast duty driven

What hast thou done



The picture of a child's time of play

Time of play: time of play

What hast thou done the kind long day

The birds are silent so is the bee

The sun is creeping up steeples and trees

The doves have flown to their sheltering eaves

Their nests are dark with the drooping leaves

Daylight gathered - the day is done

How hast thou spent it - tell me one.

Playing about what hast thou done beside

Go tell thy mother as evening

What promise of man is left unbroken

What kind word to thy playmate spoken

What hast thou pitied & whom forgiven

How with thy faults hast duty striven

What hast thou learned by good and ill

By greenwood path and by singing ill.

There will come an eve to a longer day

What wilt find thou tired but not of play

And thou wilt lean as thou leaneat now

With drooping limbs and aching brow

And with the shadows would fain creep

And long to go to thy quiet sleep.

Will were it thine, if thine aching brow

Were as free from sin and shame as now

Well for thee! if thy lips could tell

Of tale like this, of a day spent well.

If thine open hand hath relieved distress -

And thy pity hath sprung to wretchedness -

If thou hast forgiven the sore offences

And humbled thy heart with penitence -

* If Statius' voice have spoken to thee
With her holy meanings eloquently -

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